Alas poore world, what treasure hast thou lost
What face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
Whose tong is musick now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowres are sweet, their colours fresh & trim,
But true sweet beautie liu'd, and dy'd in him.

Bonnet, nor vaile hencefooth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will euer strriue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to loose, you need not feare,
The sun doth scorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
But when *Adonis* liu'd, sunne and sharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe.
And straight in pitie of his tender yeares,
They both would strriue who first should drie his (teares.

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him
To recreate him selfe when he hath song,
The Tigre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had spoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the sillie lambe that day.

When

When he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
The fishes spred on it their golden gils,
When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bils
Would bring him mulberries, & ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-snouted Boare,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a graue:
Ne're saw the beatious liuerie that he wore,
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue.
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* slaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there.
And nousling in his flanke, the louing swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groine.

Had I bene tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first,
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his, the more I am accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed blood.